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DEAR JACK:—I forgot to tell you in my last, that I have found a real snap. I was in Onancock the other day and went into Duncan's jewelry store to get something for a friend. I did not think of buying a watch. I see so many every week in the city. I noticed he had a fine display, and asked the prices and was surprised at

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AS SEEN IN THE FACE. THE MAP OF THE MIND DISCUSSED

Rev. Dr. Talmage Says the Character of the Countenance Is a Mirror of the Soul Most Wonderful of God's Works,

AT THE TABERNACLE

BROOKLYN, Feb. 25 .- In the Brooksermon "The Human Face" and held by long years of cruel behavior they his great audience fascinated with the may have Herodized all the machinery text was Ecclesiastes viii, 1, "A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine, and the boldness of his face shall be changthe boldness of his face shall be changtime to help multitudes if the Lord will. That it is possible to overcome ed," or, as it may be rendered, "the sourness of his face shall be sweetened."

Thus a little change in our English

translation brings out the better meaning of the text, which sets forth that the character of the face is decided by the character of the soul. The main features of our countenance were decided by the Almighty, and we cannot change them, but under God we decide whether we shall have countenances benignant or baleful, sour or sweet, wrathful or genial, benevolent or mean, honest or scoundrelly, impudent or mod-est, courageous or cowardly, frank or sneaking. In all the works of God there is nothing more wonderful than the hu-man countenance. Though the longest face is less than 12 inches from the bair line of the forehead to the bottom of the chin and the broadest face is less

tions. It is the battlefield of the passions. It is the catalogue of character. It is the map of the mind. If is the geography of the soul. And while the Lord decides before our lirth whether we shall be handsome or homely we are by the character we form decid whether our countenances shall be pl ant or disagreeable. This is so fund that some of the most beautiful in are unattractive because of their arr gance or their deceitfulness, and so of the most rugged and irregular fo tures are attractive because of the kin ness that shines through them. Acci dent or sickness or scarification may veil the face so that it shall not express the soul, but in the majority of cases give me a deliberate look at a man's countenance and I will tell you whether he is a cynic or an optimist, whether he is a miser or a philanthropist, whether he is noble or ignominious, whether he is good or bad. Our first impression of unworthy of your friendship, but afterward, by circumstances below the first like in the lip. It draws down the corners of intimate association with him, you come to like him and trust him, Yet with a malodor. What David said in into the river and without thinking of the mouth and inflates the nostril as into the river and without thinking of the mouth and inflates the mouth and inflates the nostril as into the river and without thinking of the mouth and inflates the nostril as into the river and without thinking of the mouth and inflates the nostril as in the saw a der flung from a horse of the mouth and inflates the nostril as in the saw and in the saw and in the saw and in the mouth and inflates the nostril as in the saw and in th stay with him long enough, and you haste they say in their deliberation, "All stay with him long enough, and you will be compelled to return to your original estimate of his character, but it it will be after he has cheated you out of everything he could lay his hands on. It is of God's mercy that we have these outside indexes of character. Phrenology is one index, and while it may be carried to an absurd extent there is no doubt that you can judge somewhat of the stream of the stream and swam to the drowning his own weakness the merchant nung off his invalid's gown and leaped into the stream and swam to the drowning man, and clutching him as he was about to go down the last time bore him act of benevolence, and they say he gave that to advertise himself. They do not like the present fashion of hats for women or of coats for men. They are opposed to the administration, municipal doubt that you can judge somewhat of the stream and swam to the drowning man, and clutching him as he was about to go down the last time bore him act of benevolence, and they say he gave that to advertise himself. They do not like the present fashion of hats for women or of coats for men. They are opposed to the administration, municipal doubt that you can judge somewhat of the stream and swam to the drowning going to the stream and swam to the drowning man, and clutching him as he was about to go down the last time bore him act of benevolence, and they say he gave that to advertise himself. They do not like the present fashion of hats for women or of coats for men. They are opposed to the administration, municipal it. A good deal of the brightness of the stream and swam to the drowning man, and clutching him as he was about to go down the last time bore him act of benevolence, and there is a description of my person, and there is a description of the stream and swam to the drowning about to go down the last time bore him act of the stream and swam to the drowning off his invalid's gown and leaped into the stream and swam to the drowning and the cer was turned with the hand behind it in order to hear at all. But a man's character by the shape of his head. Palmistry is another index, and while it may be carried into the fanciful and necromantic there is no doubt that certain lines in the palm of the hand are indicative of mental and moral

BIBLE PHYSIOGNOMY.
Physiognomy is another index, and while the contour of the human face may sometimes mislead us we can generally, after looking into the eye and noticing the curve of the lip and the spread of the nostril and the correlation of all the features, come to a right it is with tens of thousands of people. estimate of a man's character. If it were not so, how would we know whom to trust and whom to avoid? Whether we will or not, physiognomy decides a thousand things in commercial and financial and social and religious do-mains. From one lid of the Bible to the other there is no science so recognized as that of physiognomy, and nothing more thoroughly taken for granted than the power of the soul to transfigure the face. The Bible speaks of the "face of God," the "face of Jesus Christ," the "face of Esau," the "face of Israel," the "face of Job," the "face of the old man," the shining "face of Moses," the wrathful "face of Phara-oh," the ashes on the face of humiliation, the resurrectionary staff on the face of the dead child, the hypocrites disfiguring their face, and in my text the Bible declares, "A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine, and the sourness of his face shall be sweetened." If the Bible has so much to say about physiognomy, we do not wonder that the world has made it a study from the early ages. In vain the English parliament in the time of George II ordered publicly whipped and imprisoned those who studied physiognomy. Intelligent people always have studied it and always will study it. The pens of Moses and Joshua and Joh and John and Paul as well as of Homer and Hippocrates and Galen and Aristotle and Socrates and Plato and Lavater have been dipped into it, and whole libraries of wheat and chaff have been garnered on this Now, what practical religious and

eternal use would I make of this subject? I am going to show that while we are not responsible for our features, the Lord Almighty having decided what they shall be prenatally, as the psalmist declares when he writes, "In thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned when as yet there was none of them," yet the character which under God we form will chisel the face most mightily. Every man would like to have been made in appearance an Alcibiades, and every woman would like to have been made a Josephine. We all want to be agreeable. Our usefulness depends so much upon it that I consider it important and Christian for every man and woman to be as agreeable as possible. The slouch, the sloven, the man who does not care how he looks, all such people lack equipment for usefulness. A minister who has to throw a quid of tobacco out of his mouth before he begins to preach of the statue, pretending he was using his chisel to make the improvement suggested by the critic. the sloven, the man who does not care Nortolk Va. equipment for usefulness. A minister who has to throw a quid of tobacco out or Christians with beard untrimmed,

making them to look like wild beasts | "What do you think of it now?" said come out of the lair—yea, unkempt, the artist. "Wonderfully improved." uncombed, unwashed, disagreeable men said the critic. "Well," said the artist, or women—are a hindrance to religion more than a recommendation. A SCATHING REJOINDER.

Now, my text suggests how we may,

independent of features, make ourselves agreeable, "A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine, and the sourness of his face shall be sweetened." What I say may come too late for many. Their lyn Tabernacle this forenoon Rev. Dr. countenance may by long years of hard-Talmage chose for the subject of his ness have been frozen into stolidity, or charm of his eloquence as he discoursed on a subject of universal interest. The text was Ecclesiasts viii 1. "A man's disadvantages of physiognomy was in this country mightily illustrated by one whose life recently closed after having served in the presidential cabinet at Washington. By accident of fire in childhood his face had been more piteously scarred than any human visage that I ever saw. By hard study he arose from being a poor boy to the very height of the legal profession, and when an attorney general for the United States was needed he entered the presidential cabinet. What a triumph over destroyed human countenance! I do not wonder that when an oppos ing attorney in a Philadelphia court-

room cruelly referred to this personal disfigurement Benjamin F. Brewster replied in these words: "When I was a babe, I was a beautiful blue eyed child. I know this because my dear dead mother told me so, but I was one day playing with my sister when her clothe took fire, and I ran to her relief and saved her, but in doing so my clothes took fire, and the fire was not put out until my free was as black as the heart of the scoundrel who has just now re-ferred to my disfigurement." Heroism conquering physical disabilities! That scholarly regular features are not necessary for making powerful impression witness Paul, who photographs himself as in "bodily presence weak," and George V-nitefield, whose eyes were struck with strabismus, and Alexander H. Stephens, who sat with pale and sick face in invalid's chair while he thrilled the American congress with his eloquence, and thousands of invalid preachers and Sabbath school teachers and Christian workers. Aye, the most glorious being the world ever saw was fore-seen by Isaiah, who described his face bruised and gashed and scarified and said of him, "His visage was so marred, ore than any man." So you see that the loveliest face in the universe was a carred face.

THE BRIGHT SIDE AND THE DARK. And now I am going to tell you of nie of the chisels that work for the isfiguration or irradiation of the human countenance. One of the sharpest and most destructive of those chisels of the countenance is cynicism. That evers the disposition and then sours the face. It gives a contemptuous curl to

and state and national. Somehow food does not taste as it used to, and they wonder why there are no poets or orators or preachers as when they were boys. Even Solomon, one of the wisest and at one time one of the worst of men, falls into the pessimistic mood and cries out in the twenty-first chapter of Proverbs, "Who can find a virtuous woman?" If he had behaved himself better and kept in good associations, he would not have written that interrogation point implying the scarcity of good womanhood. Cynicism, if a habit, as writes itself all over the features; hence so many sour visages all up and down the street, all up and down the church and the world. One good way to make the world worse is to say it is worse. Let a depressed and foreboding opinion of everything take possession of you for 20 years, and you will be a sight to behold. It is the chastisement of God that when a man allows his heart to be cursed with cynicism his face becomes gloomed and scowled and lachrymosed and blasted with the same midnight.

ANGELO'S RUSE. But let Christian cheerfulness try its chisel upon a man's countenance. Feeling that all things are for his good, and that God rules, and that the Bible being true the world's floralization is rapidly approaching, and the day when beer mug and demijohn and distillery and bombshell and rifle pit and 74 pounders and roulette tables and corrupt book and satanic printing press will have quit work, the brightness that comes from such anticipation not only gives | terrific stroke in his sermon on the zest to his work, but shines in his eyes are beautiful.

under the heavens, to God and man you ple with religion. We had one of them Michael Angelo, the sculptor, visiting Florence, some one showed him in a of religion in other people, and when he shapeless it seemed of no use, and Angelo was asked if he could make any-thing out of it, and if so was told he He went on in that way until we had to could own it. The artist took the marble, and for nine months shut himself the property intrusted to him as adminup to work, first trying to make of it a strator and for other vices that I will statue of David with his foot on Go-liath, but the marble was not quite long letters not at all complimentary from enough at the base to make the prostrate form of the giant, and so the artist fashioned the marble into another A man cannot have hypocrisy in his figure that is so famous for all time be- heart without somehow showing it in cause of its expressiveness. A critic his face. All intelligent people who came in and was asked by Angelo for witness it know it is nothing but a his criticism, and he said it was beautiful, but the nose of the statue was not

Here comes a

"I have not changed it at all." My heart of a man or woman and then attempts to change a forbidding and prejudicial face into attractiveness. Perhaps the face is most unpromising for the Divine Sculptor. But having changed the heart it begins to work on the countenance with celestial chisel, and into all the lineaments of the face puts a gladness and an expectation that changes it from glory to glory, and though earthly criticism may disapprove of this or that in the appearance of the face Christ says of the newly created countenance that which Pilate said of him, "Behold the man!"

Here is another mighty chisel for the countenance, and you may call it revenge or hate or malevolence. This spirit having taken possession of the heart, it encamps seven devils under the eyebrows. It puts cruelty into the compression of the lips. You can tell from the man's looks that he is pursuing some one and trying to get even with him. There are suggestions of Nero and Robespierre and Diocletian and thumb screws and racks all up and down the features. Infernal artists with murderers' daggers have been cutting away at that visage. The revengeful heart has built its perdition in the revengeful countenance. Disfiguration of diabolic

But here comes another chisel to shape the countenance, and it is kindness. There came a moving day, and into her soul moved the whole family of Chris tian graces, with all their children and grandchildren, and the command has come forth from the heavens that that woman's face shall be made to correspond with her superb soul. Her entire face from ear to ear becomes the canvas on which all the best artists of heaven begin to put their finest strokes, and on the small compass of that face are put pictures of sunrise over the sea, and angels of mercy going up and down ladders all aflash, and mountains of transfiguration and noonday in heaven. Kindness! It is the most magnificent sculptor that ever touched human counte No one could wonder at the unusual

geniality in the face of William Windom, secretary of the treasury of the United States, after seeing him at the New York hangest inst before he dronlom, secretary of the treasury of the New York banquet just before he dropped dead, turning his wineglass upside down, saying, "I may by doing this offend some, but by not doing it I might damage many." Be kind to your friends. Be kind to your enemies. Be kind to the young. Be kind to the old. Be kind to your rulers. Be kind to your servants. Be kind to your superiors Be kind to your inferiors. Be kind to your horse. Be kind to your dog. Be kind to your cat. Morning, noon and night be kind, and the effects of it will be written in the language of your face. That is the gospel of physiognomy.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE. A Bayonne merchant was in the south of Europe for h's health, and sitting on ism he saw a der flung from a horse into the river, and without thinking of filled. Or was it a father's face? The his own weakness the merchant flung off his invalid's gown and leaped into other way, then in your own face. Kindness! Show it to others, for the time may come when you will need it yourself. People laughed at the lion because he spared the mouse that ran over him when by one motion of his paw the monster could have crushed the insignificant disturber. But it was well that the lion had mercy on the mouse, for one day the lion was caught in a trap and roared fearfully because he was held fast by ropes. Then the mouse gnawed off the ropes and let the lion go free. You may consider yourself a lion, but you cannot afford to despise a mouse When Abraham Lincoln pardoned a young soldier at the request of his mother, the mother went down the stairs of

the White House saying: "They have lied about the president's being home-He is the handsomest man I ever saw." All over that president's rugged face was written the kindness which "Some of our generals complain that I your face in her lap and have a good York Sun. he so well illustrated when he said, impair discipline and subordination in cry the army by my pardons and respites, but it makes me rested after a hard day's work if I can find some good excuse for saving a man's life, and I go to bed happier as I think how joyous the signing of my name will make him and his family." Kindness! It makes the face to shine while life lasts and after death puts a summer sunset between the still lips and the smoothed hair that makes me say sometimes at obsequies, 'She seems too beautiful to bury. But here comes another chisel, and its name is hypocrisy. Christ with one

mount described this character, "When and glows in his cheek and kindles a | ye fast, be not as the hypocrites, of a morning in his entire countenance. sad countenance, for they disfigure their Those are the faces I look for in an au- faces that they may appear unto men to dience. Those countenances are sections | fast." Hypocrisy having taken possesof millennial glory. They are heaven sion of the soul, it immediately appears impersonated. They are the sculptur- in the countenance. Hypocrites are aling of God's right hand. They are ho- ways solemn. They carry several counsannas in human flesh. They are halle- try graveyards in their faces. They are luiabs alighted. They are Christ rein- tearful when there is nothing to cry carnated. I do not care what your features are or whether you look like your for their breath and have such general father or your mother or look like no one dolefulness that they disgust young peoin one of my churches. When he exexpel him from the church for stealing the west, saying that he was daily Here comes another chisel, and that

the heart religions says: "Now let me go up to the windows and front gate of the face and set up some signal that I have taken possession of this castle. I friends, the grace of God comes to the will celebrate the victory by an illumination that no one can mistake. I have made this man happy, and now I will make him look happy. I will draw the corners of his mouth as far up as they were drawn down. I will take the connostril. I will make his eyes flash and his cheeks glow at every mention of Christ and heaven. I will make even the wrinkles of his face look like furrows plowed for the harvest of joy. I will make what we call the 'crow's feet' around his temples suggestive that the dove of peace has been alighting there." There may be signs of trouble on that face, but trouble sanctified. There may be scars of battle on that face, but they will be scars of campaigns

POWER OF A FACE. "Now," says some one, "I know very

good people who have no such religion in their faces." My friend, the reason probably is that they were not converted until late in life. Worldliness and Sin had been at work with their chisels on that face for 30 or 40 years, and Grace, the divine sculptress, has been busy with her chisel only five or ten years. Do not be surprised that Phidias and Greenough with their fine chisels cannot in a short while remove all the marks of the stone mason's crowbar, which has been busy there for a long while. I say to all the young, if you would have sympathetic face, hopeful face, courageous face, cheerful face, kind face, at the earliest possible moment by the grace of God have planted in your soul sym pathy and hope and courage and good cheer and kindness. No man ever indulged a gracious feeling or was moved by a righteous indignation or was stirred by a benevolent impulse but its effect was more or less indicated in the countenance, while David noticed the physiognomic effect of a bad disposition when he said, "A wicked man hardeneth his face," and Jeremiah must have noticed it when he said of the cruel, "They have made their faces harder than a rock. Oh, the power of the human face!

warrant that you have known faces so

magnetic and impressive that, though

they vanished long ago, they still hold

she had lived she would have been 10 years old now, or 20 or 30 years." But does not that infant face still have tender supremacy over your entire nature? During many an eventide does it not look at you? In your dreams do you not see it? What a sanctifying, hallowing influence it has been in your life! You can say in the words of the poet, "Better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." Or it may have been a sister's face. Perhaps she was the invalid of the family. Perhaps she never went out except on very clear days, and then she had to be carried down the stairs to the piazza or for a short ride, but she was so patient and cheerful under it ali. As that face looks at you through the years with what an That face, though long ago veiled from | My banker here knows nothing about human sight, is as plain in your memory as though you this moment saw it mov-ing gently forward and backward in the rocking chair by the stove in the old farmhouse. Or was it your mother's face? A good mother's face is never homely to her boys and girls. It is a "Madonna" in the picture gallery of the memory. What a sympathetic face it "No, sir. It would not." memory. What a sympathetic face it was! Did you ever have a joy and that face did not respond to it? Did you ever have a grief and no tears trickled down that maternal cheek? Did you ever do a bad thing and a shadow did not cross it? Oh, it was a sweet face! The spectacles with large, round glasses through which she looked at you, how sacredly they have been kept in bureau or closet! Your mother's face, your mother's the eyes of a United States embassador, smile, your mother's tears! What an | what is it good for anyway?" overpowering memory! Though you have come on to midlife or old age, how you would like just once more to bury

But I can tell you of a more sympathetic and more tender and more loving face than any of the faces I have mentioned. "No, you cannot," says some one. I can, and I will. It is the face of Jesus Christ as he was on earth and is now in heaven. When preparing my life of Christ, entitled "From Manger to Throne," I ransacked the art galleries and portfolios of the world to find a picture of our Saviour's face that might be most expressive, and I saw it as Francesco Francia painted it in the sixteenth century, and as the emerald intaglio of the sixth century presented it, and as a fresco in the catacombs near Rome preserved it, and as Leonardo da Vinci showed it in "The Last Supper," and I looked in the Louvre, and the Luxembourg, and the Vatican, and the Dresden, and the Berlin, and Neapolitan and London galleries for the most inspiring face of Christ, and many of the presentations were wonderful for pathos and majesty and power and execution, but although I selected that by Ary Scheffer as in some respects the most expressive I felt as we all feel-that our Christ has never yet been presented either in sculpture or painting, and that we will have to wait until we rise to the upper palace, where we shall see him as he is. What a gentle face it must have been to induce the babes to struggle out of their mother's arms into his arms!

threw stalwart Peter into a fit of tears! What a pleading face it must have been to lead the psalmist in prayer to say of it, "Look upon the face of thine anointed!" What a sympathetic face it must have been to encourage the sick woman who was beyond any help from the doctors to touch the hem of his garment! What a suffering face it must have been when suspended on the perpendicular and horizontal pieces of the rough hands and befouled it with the and London a Baldheaded club, where

What an expressive face it must have

been when one reproving look of it

lead St. John to describe it in the coming judgment as scattering the universe when he says, "From whose face the earth and the heaven fled away."

THE FACE OMNIPOTENT.

now the celestial! Once of cross, but

now of throne! Once crowned with

stinging bramble, but now coroneted

O Christ! Once the Nazarene, but

with the jewels of ransomed empires! Turn on us thy pardoning face and forgive us, thy sympathetic face and console us, thy suffering face and have thy atonement avail for us, thy omnipotent face and rescue us. Oh, what a face! So scarred, so lacerated, so resplendent, so overwhelmingly glorious that the seraphim put wing to wing and with their conjoined pinions keep off some of the luster that is too mighty even for eyes cherubic or angelic, and yet this morning turning upon us with a sheathed splendor like that with which he appeared when he said to the mothers bashful about presenting their children, "Suffer them to come," and to the poor waif of the street, "Neither do I conblind beggar of the wayside, "Be opened." I think my brother John, the returned foreign missionary, dying summer before last at Bound Brook, caught a glimpse of that face of Christ when in his dying hour my brother said, "I shall be satisfied when I awake in his likeness." And now unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen and amen! Amen and

HIS PASSPORT NOT SUFFICIENT.

Professor Mason's Experience at the American Embassy in London Dr. William P. Mason, professor of

chemistry in the Rensselaer Polytechnic institute at Troy, who returned the other day from a trip through Europe, gives this account of the reception he met with at the United States embassy in London: "It was the most humiliating thing I

ever heard of," Professor Mason said, with great indignation. "I had visited the great educational centers of central and southern Europe, and through the courtesy of our embassadors, who furnished me with letters of introduction, I was enabled to study the colleges and universities as thoroughly as I wanted to. In Paris Mr. Eustin, whom I had never met before, gave me a letter upon the strength of my passport which en-abled me to visit the Ecole Polytechnique, where the rules governing the admission of visitors are very strict.

"When I reached London, I wanted to visit the Royal Military academy at Woolwich. Baedeker's guidebook says that no visitor is admitted there without a card of identification from the minister or embassador of his country. went to the United States embassy and saw the secretary who had charge of those affairs. This is the conversation that took place:

"'Can you give me a card that will admit me to the Woolwich academy?" "'You will have to present some identification,' he said.

"'Here is my passport. "'That is not enough.'

me. He only gives me money on the strength of my signature, which is written on my letter of credit. Won't that "No. You will have to bring a letter

from him.' "'But supposing I had no banker?

"Well, I went away pretty angry. got a letter from my banker (I did it simply to see if he would give me one on the strength of my letter of credit), but I did not use it in London. I thought I would keep it to show to Americans who intend to go abroad. I never heard of such an outrageous thing before. If a passport isn conflicient identification in

Professor Mason showed the reporter his passport and the letter of identification from his London banker .- New

Tit For Tat.

In a small village up the river there is a man who makes his living by catching the floating wood out of the river, drying it and selling it for various purposes Some time ago he caught an extraordinarily large log, which was too thick for him to chop with his ax. He went to the owner of a sawmill, one of the influential men of the town, and requested the loan of his crosscut saw.

"No," said the mill owner, "I won't loan my saw to be dulled." "But I can sharpen it again if I dull it," persisted the man. But the saw was refused, and the wood gatherer was compelled to use his ax upon the big log. Some time after this an ice gorge came down the river and carried away a section of the bridge that crossed to the railroad station on the other side. It was necessary for the sawmill owner to catch a certain train that day to get to the city so as to make connection for New York.

He went to the bridge, and finding it impassable looked about for a skiff. The only one on that side of the stream balonged to the old wood gatherer.

"Go up to old Blank's house and tell him I want the key to his skiff," said the mill owner to his coachman, who was

carrying his valise. The coachman returned in a short time with the wood gatherer in tow.
"What do you want, Mr. L-?" asked

"Why, I'm in a hurry and want your boat to cross the river," was the impa-

"You do, do you?" retorted the wood gatherer in a dignified manner. "Well, you can't have it. You can just cross the river on your crosscut saw. starting for New York until the next

day .- Pittsburg Dispatch.

tient reply

There is a club in Berlin called the Giants, every member of which is 6 feet wood of martyrdom, and his antagonists tall. Vienna has a Lazy club, no memslapped the pallid cheek with their ber of which does anything for a living.